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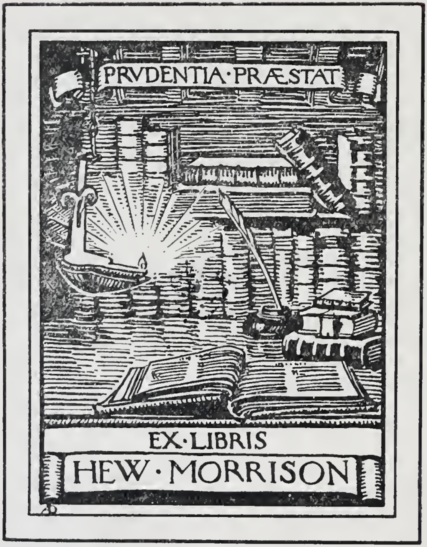

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THE

CELTIC LYRE:

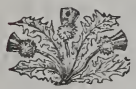
A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Songs, with English Translations.

By FIONN.

PART II.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.



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GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROTHERS, AND W. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET.
OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.
1886.

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Eilean an Fhraoich—The Isle of the Heather,

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Translations of Gaelic and English Songs, Popular Gaelic Readings, &c.

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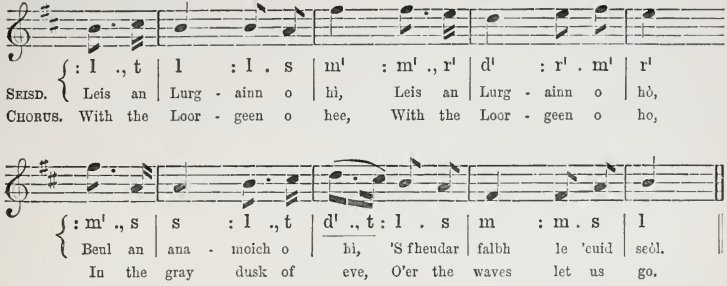
21.—LEIS AN LURGAINN—A BOAT SONG.

KEY D.—*With spirit.*



An Cuan Eirinn o hì,
Muir ag éirigh o hò,
Cha bu léir dhuinn o hì,
Nì fo 'n ghréin ach na neòil.

Seachad Ile o hì,
'M beul na h-oidhche o hò,
Las sinn coinnlean o hì,
'S chuir sinn combaist air dòigh.

Seachad Aros o hì,
Bha i gàbhaidh o hò,
'N fhairge làidir o hì,
Suas gu bàrr a' chroinn-sgòid.

Thuirt an sgiobair o hì,
Ri chuid ghillean o hò,
"Glacaibh misneach o hì,
'S deanaibh dìchioll, a sheòid.

"Mar bu nòs dhuibh o hì,
Seasaibh dìleas o hò,
'Bheil e coltach o hì,
Gu 'n tig dosgainn 'n ar còir?

"'Suas a h-aodach o hì,
Ri 'croinn chaola o hò,
'Snàmh cho aotrom o hì,
Ris an fhaoilinn air lòn.

"Muir 'ga bualadh o hì,
Taobh an fhuaraidh o hò,
Bith'dh sinn buadhar o hì,
'S gillean uallach air bòrd."

On the ocean, o hee,
Waves in motion, o ho,
Naught but clouds could we see
O'er the blue sea below.

Islay looming, o hee,
In the gloaming, o ho,
Our ship's compass set we,
And our lights we did show.

Aros passing, o hee,
'Twas harassing, o ho,
The strong billows to see
High as masthead to flow.

Skipper bellows, o hee,
To his fellows, o ho,
"Steady! courage take ye
Though a tempest should blow.

"Look a-head, mates, o hee,
Without dread, mates, o ho,
Those that danger would flee,
Let them sneak down below.

"Crowd her sails on, o hee,
And though gales come, o ho,
Light as sea-gull will she
O'er the heaving waves go.

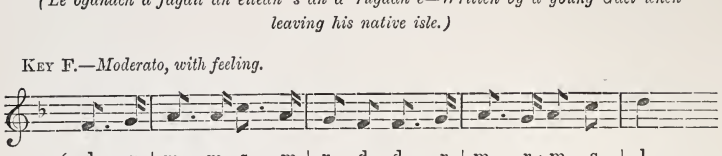
"Billows lashing, o hee,
Waters crashing, o ho,
Without blenching we see
There be stout hearts on board."

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." Translation by MR. M. MACFARLANE, Paisley.

22.—SOIRIDH!—FAREWELL!

(Le òganach a fàgail an eilean 's an d' rugadh e—Written by a young Gael when leaving his native isle.)

KEY F.—*Moderato, with feeling.*



Tha mi 'g ionndrainn, 'us cha 'n àicheadh
Mi 'n té bhàn a bha 's an fhrìth;
An déigh dhomh 'buachailleachd 's a h-àrach,
'S eagal leam gu'n d'fhàg i mi.

A Bheinn-bhreac nan creachann àrda,
'S tric a shàruich thusa mi;
Ach tha mi 'm bliadhna dol ga d' fhàgail—
Sciridh slàn leat gus an till.

Cha 'n 'eil cnoc no glac a'd aodann,
Coire fraoich a bhos no shios,
Nach 'eil a' cuimhneach iomadh rud dhomh,
Ged nach fhaod mi bhi ga inns'.

Soiridh leis gach beinn 'us fireach—
A' bheinn o'm mithich dhomh 'bhi triall',
Guidheam fada féidh a'd ghlacaibh;
B'e bhi 'n taice riut mo mhiann.

Why deny my heart is rending
For the fair one of the lea;
After all my careful tending,
She has now forsaken me.

Ben of peaks the clouds that sever,
Oft thy steeps have wearied me;
Must I leave thy shade for ever?
Then farewell, farewell to thee!

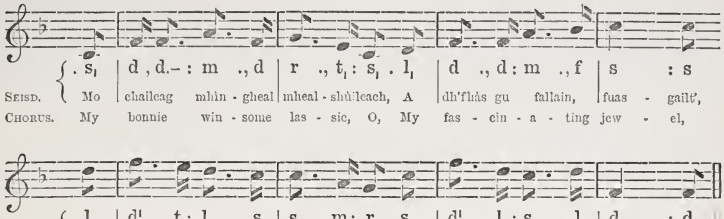
Every corrie, crag, and hollow,
Heath'ry brae and flowery dell,
Now awaken pangs of sorrow;
But my thoughts I dare not tell.

Mountain bold! thy form surpasses
Every ben that eye can see;
Long may deer frequent thy passes;
Near thee I would ever be.

Gaelic words and translation from "FIONN'S" "CELTIC GARLAND."

23.—CLACHAN GHLINN-DA-RUAIL—CLACHAN GLEN-DA-RUEL.

KEY F.—*Moderato.*



Di-dònaich rinn mi chòlachadh,
Bean òg a's mòdhar gluasad;
Tha 'guth mar cheòl na smeòraiche,
'S mar bhil' an ròis a gruaidhean.

'S caoin a seang-shlios furanach,
Neo-churaidh a ceum uallach;
Tha 'gàirdean bàn glè chumadail,
'S deud lurach 'n a beul guamach.

'S ro fhaicillcach 'n a còmhradh i,
Gun sgilm, gun sgleò, no fuaileas;
Gur flathail coiseachd shràidean i,
Air bheagan stàit no guaineis.

Ged bheireadh Seòras àite dhomh,
Cho àrd 's a tha measg naislean;
Air m' fhacal 's mòr a b'fhearr leam,
A bhi 'n Coire-chathaidh am bhuachaill'.

O 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' àilleagan
Air àiridh cois nam fuar-bheann!
Bu shocair, sèimh a chaidilinn,
S i 'm achlais air an luachair.

Cha suaimhneas oidhch' air leabaidh dhomh,
'G a d'fhaicinn ann am bruadar;
'S am Biobull féin cha làimhsich mi,
Gun d'iomhaigh ghràidh ga m' bhuaireadh.

'N uair b' fhìleant' briathr' a' mhinisteir,
A' fiosrachadh mu 'r truailleachd;
Bha mise coimhead dùrachdach
Na seirc tha 'd shùil neo-luainich.

Ged shuidheas cléir na tìre leam,
'S mi sgriobhadh dhaibh le luath-laimh,
'S ann bhios mo smuaintean dlomhaireach,
Air Sine dhonn a' chuach-fhuilt.

Ach 's eagal leam le m' cheileireachd,
Gu 'n gabh an seisein gruaim riuin;
Ged fhògras iad do 'n Olaind mi,
Ri m' bheò cha toir mi fuath dhuit!

I met her on a Sabbath day,
Mild, young, and unassuming;
Her voice is like the tuneful thrush,
Her cheeks are roses blooming.

So free, so kind, and affable,
Her steps no flowerets harming;
How shapely is her lily arm;
Her mouth how neat and charming.

She speaks both wise and cautiously,
And truthful is her story;
How queenly in her manners all!
Nor seeks she for vain glory.

Although King George would grant to me
The highest rank and station,
I would prefer in Coire-Chathaidh
The shepherd's pay and ration.

Oh! were I and my jewel in
A dell with branches twining,
How soft and soundly would I sleep
While by her side reclining.

How sweet in dreams thy image dear,
When on my bed reposing;
And while the Bible practising
The same is interposing.

When fluent is the minister,
Our fallen state declaring,
Then am I viewing fervently
Thy placid eye and bearing.

When writing for our clergymen,
In solemn conclave sitting,
To Jeanie of the auburn locks
My thoughts are ever flitting.

The Session may, for rhyming thus,
Be making angry motions;
But though abroad they banish me,
Can they displace my notions?

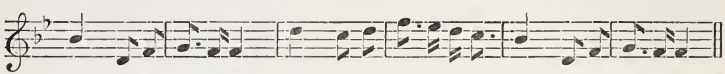
The subject of this song, *Sine Dhonn Choire-Chathaidh*, afterwards Mrs. Black, died at Rothesay a few years ago, at the advanced age of eighty. Her grandfather, her father, and herself, possessed the farm of Coire-Chathaidh, in the district of Cowal.

Words by ANGUS FLETCHER, Dunoon. Translation by JOHN WEIR.

This song is sung to what is called "Neil Gow's Strathspey."

24.—AN GAIDHEAL 'S A LEANNAN—THE GAEL AND HIS SWEETHEART.

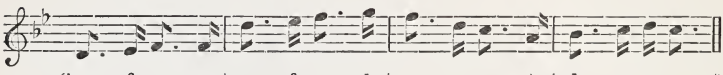
KEY B♭.—*Moderato, with expression.* FINE.



SEISD. | d : m, . s, | l, ., s, : s, | m : r . m | s ., f : m, r .– | d : m, . s, | l, ., s, : s, |
Théid i 's gu'n | téid i leam, | Leam - sa gu'n | téid mo leannan, | Théid i 's gu'n | téid i leam.

CHORUS. Yes! she will go with me, Why should we seek to sever? Yes! she will go with me.

D.C. FOR CHORUS.



| m, ., f, : s, ., s, | m ., f : s ., l | s ., m : r ., t, | d ., r : m, r .– |
Chionn 's gu bheil gach | gleann 'n a fhàs - ach, | Théid mi fhéin 's mo | Mhài - ri thairis.

Since our glens are des - erts drea - ry, O'er the seas we'll go to - gether.

Théid i leam a tìr nam fraoch-bheann,
O'n tha daoin' air dol a fasan.
Théid i, &c.

Seòlaidh sinn a tìr ar dùthchais,
'Cur ar cùlaobh ris na beannaibh.
Théid i, &c.

Théid i leam a null thar sàile,
Far an dean an Gàidheal beairteas.
Théid i, &c.

'S ged a bhiodh gach là 'n a Shamhradh,
'Chaoidh bith'dh tìr nam beann air m' aire.
Théid i, &c.

'Us mu 'n càirear anns an ùir sinn,
'S e mo dhùrachd tilleadh dhachaidh.
Théidh i, &c.

Chum 's gu 'n tòrrar mise 's m' annsachd,
'N tìr nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach.
Théid i 's gu'n téid i leam,
Leamsa gu'n téid mo leannan,
Théid i 's gu'n téid i leam.

They have sent across the ocean
Those who wore the kilt and feather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

We must leave our native Highlands,
Breaking ties so hard to sever.
Yes! she will go, &c.

And a land we 'll set our sails for,
Where the Gael may riches gather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

Summer's sun may constant reign there,
But we 'll ne'er forget the heather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

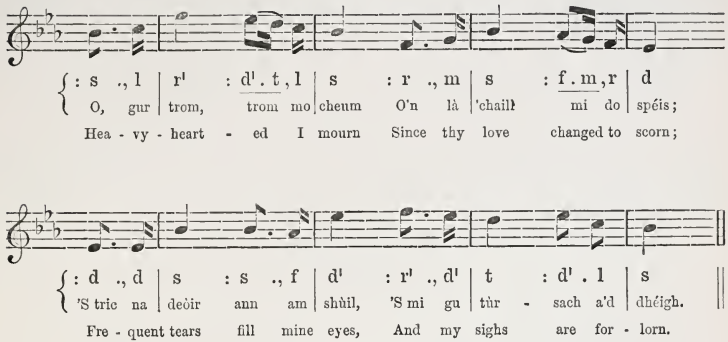
And our hope is to return yet,
If life's journey we should weather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

Land of bens, and glens, and heroes!
Then to sleep in thee for ever.
Yes! she will go with me,
Why should we seek to sever?
Yes! she will go with me.

Gaelic words and music from the "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

25.—GUR TROM, TROM MO CHEUM—HEAVY-HEARTED I MOURN.

KEY E♭.—*With feeling.*



Gheall thu dhòmhsa, a luaidh,
Gaol 'bhiodh fìrinneach, buan;
Ach 's ann shearg e mar bhlàth
'Dh' fhàgas fàl air a' chluan.

Thug mi gaol dhuit 's mi òg;
'S bhithinn dìleas ri m' bheò;
Chaidh na saighdean a'm chrìdh',
'G éisdeachd briodal do bheòil.

O'n nach d'fhuair mi do làmh,
O, cha dual dhomh 'bhi slàn!
Cuiridh 'm bròn mi do'n chill
As nach till mi gu bràth.

Gus an dùinear mo shùil
Anns a' chlò as nach dùisg,
Bidh mo ghaol ort gach là,
Fhir nam blàth-shùilean ciùin.

Thou didst pledge to thy maid
Love that never would fade;
But it suffered a blight,
Like a bright flower decayed.

My young heart to thee drew
With a love long and true;
For thy words thrilled my heart,
And love's dart pierced it through.

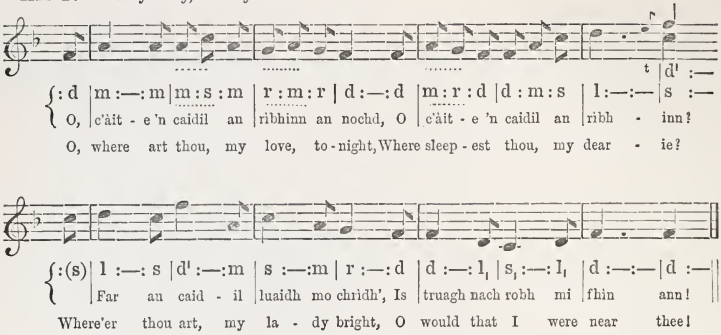
Since thou canst not be mine
I must sorrow and pine;
And my days shall in gloom
To the tomb fast decline.

Till mine eyelids shall close
In their lasting repose,
My fond love ever true
For my blue-eyed youth flows.

Gaelic words by "FIONN." Translation by MR. L. MACBEAN.

26.—C'ÀITE 'N CAIDIL AN RIBHINN?—WHERE SLEEPEST THOU, MY DEARIE?

KEY F.—*With feeling, beating twice in the Measure.*



Tha 'ghaoth a séideadh oirnn' o'n deas,
'S tha mise deas gu seòladh;
'S na'n robh thu leam air bhàrr nan stuagh
A luaidh, cha bhithinn brònach.

Bha mi deas 'us bha mi tuath,
'S gu tric air chuairt 's na h-Innsean,
'S bean d' aogais riamh cha d'fhuair mi ann,
No samhladh do mo nigh'naig.

'S ann ort féin a dh' fhàs a' ghruag
Tha bachlach, dualach, rìomhach,
Fiamh an òir a's bòidhche snuagh
'S e dol 'n a dhuail 's na cìrean.

Cha tog fiodhall, 's cha tog òran,
'S cha tog ceòl na pìoba,
'S cha tog briodal nigh'naig òig
Am bròn 'tha 'n diugh air m' inntinn.

'S e dh' iarrainn riochd na h-eala bhàin
A shnàmhas thair a' chaolais, —
'Us rachainn féin troimh thonnaibh breun
A chur an céill mo ghaol dhuit.

Tha nis gach ni a réir mo dheòin,
Gach aefhuinn 's seòl mar dh' iarrainn,
'S gun mhaille théid mi air a tòir,
'Us pòsaidh mi mo nigh'nag.

My ship is floating on the tide,
And prosperous winds are blowing;
If thou wert only by my side
My tears would not be flowing.

I long have braved the stormy sea,
To distant lands oft sailing;
No maiden have I seen like thee;
Thine absence I'm bewailing.

How fair thy locks are to behold,
When in the sunbeams shining;
In colour they will vie with gold
That oft has stood refining.

In song or dance I take no part,
And music cannot cheer me;
Nor maiden's smile can raise my heart
Since absent from my dearie.

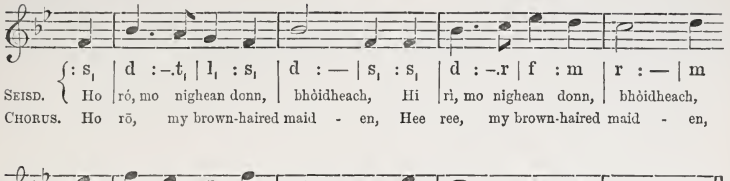
If like the swan I now could sail
Across the trackless ocean,
Ere break of day my love I 'd hail
And prove my heart's devotion.

My sails are set; blow, breezes blow!
All thoughts of danger scorning;
Where dwells my love I 'll quickly go
And wed her in the morning.

Gaelic words and translation from "FIONN'S" "CELTIC GARLAND."

27.—MO NIGHEAN DONN, BHÒIDHEACH—MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

KEY B♭.—*Moderato.*



A Pheigi dhonn nam blàth-shul,
Gur trom a thug mi gràdh dhuit:
Tha d' iomhaigh ghaoil, 'us d' àilleachd,
A ghnàth tigh'nn fo m' ùidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;
'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh,
Cha chaochail mo rùn.

'N uair bha mi ann ad làthair,
Bu shona bha mo làithean—
A' sealbhachadh do mhànrain,
'Us àille do ghnùis.

Gnùis aoidheil, bhanail, mhàlda
Na h-òigh a's caoimhe ràdur;
I suairce, ceanail, fàigheil,
Làn gràis agus mùirn.

Ach riamh o'n dh' fhàg mi d' fhianuis,
Gu bheil mi dubhach, cianail;
Mo chridhe trom ga phianadh
Le iarguin do rùin.

Ge lurach air a' chabhsair
Na mnathan òga Gallda,
A righ! gur beag mo gheall-s'
Air bhi sealltainn 'n an gnùis.

'S ann tha mo rùn 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
Mar ròs am fàsach Shamhraidh,
An gleann fad' o shùil.

Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh,
Bheir mise sgriob do 'n ghleann ud,
'S gu 'n tog mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd,
Gu h-annsail, am flùr.

Thine eye with love is gleaming;
Thy face with beauty beaming;
When waking, or when dreaming,
My thoughts dwell on thee.

Forget thee will I never,
But I will love thee ever;
Though many miles us sever,
I'm still true to thee.

When I was staying near thee,
Thy presence sweet did cheer me;
And charming 'twas to hear thee
Sing gaily and free.

Of cheerful, comely features;
Of gentle, kindly nature;
There ne'er was living creature
More lovely than thee.

But now that thou 'rt not by, love,—
I often sit and sigh, love,—
And wish that thou wert nigh, love,
To bring joy to me.

Though Lowland girls are fine, love,
E'en some may say divine, love,
There 's none can thee outshine, love,
Or lure me from thee.

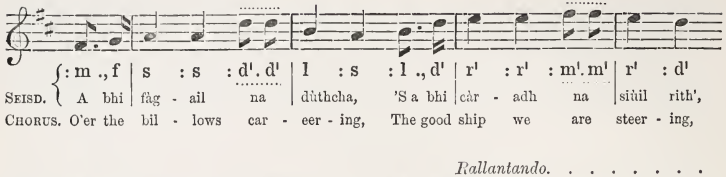
For 'mong the hills she 's dwelling,
Where crystal streams are welling;
Like rose all flowers excelling,
The maiden for me.

When summer comes again, love,
I 'll seek your Highland glen, love,
Mine own to make you then, love,
And take thee with me.

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." Translation by MR. M. MACFARLANE, Paisley.

28.—DÙTHAICH NAN CRAOBH—THE LAND OF THE TREES.

KEY D.—*Slowly, with feeling.*



Gur e mis' tha fo smuairein,
'S mi a' seòladh thar chuantan,
'Us mi 'g ionndrainn nan duanag
'S tric a fhuair mi 'o m' ghaol.

Di-dòmhnuich m' an d' fhàg mi,
'Us mi coiseachd na sràide,
Thachair orm-sa mo mhàldag,
Le 'blàth-shùilean caoin.

'N uair a bha mi le m' ghràdh-sa
Ann an dùthaich nan àrd-bheann,
'S tric a dh' éisd mi ri 'màuran
Fo sgàile nan craobh.

Thoir mo shoraidh thar sàile,
Ceud soraidh gu bràth 'uam,
Dh' ionnsaidh ribhinn nam blàth-shùl,—
Té 's feàrr leam 's an t-saogh'l.

Ach ma bhitheas mi maireann,
'S tighinn sàbhailte dhachaidh,
Cha téid mi tuille gu marachd;
Ni mi fanachd 's na caoil.

Faiceam long a' dol dachaidh
Gu Albainn no Sasunn,
Sgriobhaidh mise gu m' leannan
Gur maireann mo ghaol.

Ma ni thu 'm pòsadh m' an tig mi,
Feuch gur feàrr e na mise;
Na gabh pòitear no misgear,
'S na gabh idir fear faoin.

With tears my eyes burning,
And my thoughts ever turning
With a soul-filling yearning,
To the land on the lee.

Where I left my love grieving,
On the morn I was leaving;
Cruel Fortune's deceiving,
That tore her from me.

There was nought in life sweeter
Than at sunset to meet her,
And with fond words to greet her
By the dear trysting tree.

When the wild flowers were springing,
And the woodlands were ringing,
To be listening her singing
Was rapture to me.

Though the storms do not fear me,
There is nought now can cheer me,
Since she is not near me,
To set my cares free.

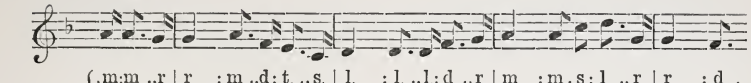
But I 'll scan the wide ocean,
For a white sail in motion,
My tale of devotion
To bear home to thee.

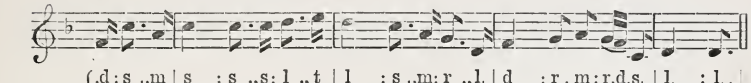
When my cruising is over,
I 'll no more be a rover;
Nor again will grief move her
At parting from me.

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." English words by C. M. P.

29.—MÀIRI BHÒIDHEACH—PRETTY MARY.

KEY F.—*Moderato.*





A Mhàiri bhòidheach gur mòr mo ghaol ort;
Gur tric mi cuimhneachadh ort 's mi m'aonar;
Ge do shiùbhlainn gach ceum do'n t-saoghal,
Bith'dh t'iomhaigh bhòidheach tigh'nn beò gach
taobh dhiom.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo Mhàiri bhòidheach
Ann an gleannan faoin 'us ceò air
'S ged bu righ mi 's an Roinn-Eòrpa,
Cha'n iarrainn pòg ach o Mhàiri bhòidheach.

O Mhàiri! lughdaich thu mo chiall domh;
Tha mo chridh' le do ghaol air lionadh;
Tha gach là dhomh cho fad ri bliadhna,
Mur faic mi t'aodann a tha mar ghrian domh.

C'àit' am faicear 's an t-saogh'l bean t'aogais,
Cha'n 'eil i idir ann ri fhaotainn,
Am maise, 'n tuigse 's an deagh bheusan,
Tha thu ro àrda os cionn gach aon diubh.

Gu ma slàn do mo Mhàiri bhòidheach,
Ge b'e àite 's am bi i chòmhnuidh;
'S e mo dhùrachd-sa 'm fad 's a's beò mi,
Gu'm bi gach sòlas aig Màiri bhòidheach.

In storm or sunshine, where'er I wander,
My wont is on thy charms to ponder;
Thy image rises up before me,
And throws love's witching glamour o'er me.

Could I but sojourn with thee only
In some green glen, secure and lonely,
Then neither glory, fame, nor treasure,
Could ever bring me half such pleasure.

Thy absence has of joy bereft me,
And nought but sorrow now is left me;
From day to day 'tis sighing, pining,
For thy sweet face like a sunbeam shining.

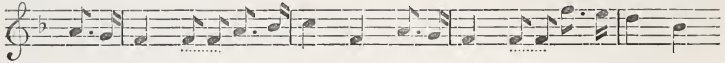
Who ever saw thee but felt thy power?
Of Beauty's handmaids thou 'rt the flower;
And sense and worth, all else excelling,
Within thy virtuous mind are dwelling.

Oh! ne'er may evil chance come near thee,
With grief or gloomy doubts to fear thee;
But pleasant hopes and musings thine be,
To cheer the days until thou mine be.

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." English words by C. M. P.

30.—AM FLEASGACH DONN—THE BROWN-HAIRED LAD.

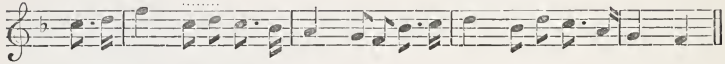
KEY F.—*Slowly, with expression.*



SEISD { Faill ill ó, agus hó ró éil - e, Faill ill ó, agus hó ró éil - e,

CHORUS. Fall eel o, agus ho ro ail - a, Fall eel o, agus ho ro ail - a,

Rallantando. . . . . . .



{ Faill ill ó, agus hó ró éil - e, A fhleasgaich dhuinn nach ann duinn a dh' éirich.

Fall eel o, agus ho ro ail - a, My brown-haired lad, what a fate a - waits us!

Saoil sibh fhéin nach mi 'bha truagh dheth,
Feasgar foghair air achadh buana;
A h-uile té 's a fear fhéin r'a guallainn,
'S mo leannan donn-sa air bhàrr nan cuantan.

Shiùbhlainn, shiùbhlainn, shiùbhlainn fhéin leat,
Shiùbhlainn fada troimh choill nan geug leat;
'S 'n uair bha mi òg 's mi air bheagan céille
Gur e do ghaol-sa a rinn mo léireadh.

Gheall mo mhàthair fàinne òir dhomh;
Gheall m' athair buaile bhò dhomh;
'S ged gheibhinn sud 's an saoghal mòr leis
Gur mòr gu 'm b' annsa leam gaol an òigeir.

Phiuthar ghaclaich dean gu réidh rium;
Cum an crodh 'us na laoigh bho chéile;
'S ged ghabh mi 'm poca 's a dh' iarr mi'n déirce,
Na cumaibh uam-sa mo rogha céile.

'Dé na'm faicinn thu seach a' bhuaile!
Sgealb mi 'n cuman, 'us thilg mi 'bhuarach—
Chuirinn fhéin mo dhà làmh mu 'n cuairt duit
'S cò, a ghaol sin a chumadh uam thu?

In the pleasant harvest gloaming,
Lads and lasses blythely roaming;
Every maiden has her lover,
But far on sea is my brown-haired rover.

Father, mother, I would leave them,
Though my heart should break to grieve them;
And I'd journey through the wildwood
Beside the laddie I loved from childhood.

Not for gems of richest splendour
Would I e'er his love surrender;
Though the world were mine to-morrow,
Without my lover 'twould bring but sorrow.

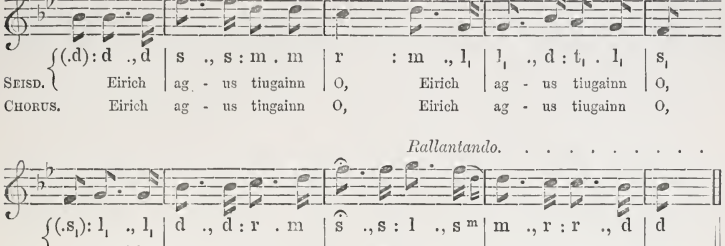
Sister darling, do not grieve me;
Age and youth can ne'er agreed be:
With my world's gear do your pleasure,
But keep not from me my bosom's treasure.

What, if I should now behold him!
To my bosom I would fold him;
Care and anguish would forsake me;
And who would then from my own love take me?

Gaelic words old. Translation by MR. M. MACFARLANE, Paisley.

31.—SORAIDH SLÀN LE FIONN-AIRIDH!—FAREWELL TO FIUNARY!

KEY B♭.—*Moderato, with feeling.*



Tha 'n latha math, 's an soirbheas ciùin;
Tha 'n ùine 'ruith, 's an t-àm dhuinn dlùth;
Tha 'm bàt' g' am fheitheamh fo a sùil,
  Gu m' thoirt a null o Fhionn-Airidh.

Tha ioma mile ceangal blàth
Mar shaighdean ann am fèin an sàs;
Mo chridhe 'n impis a bhi sgàinnt'
  A chionn bhi 'fàgail Fhionn-Airidh.

Bu tric a ghabh mi sgriob leam fhèin
Mu'n cuairt air lùchairt Fhinn an tréin;
'S a dh' èisd mi sgeulachdan na Féinn'
  'G an cur an céill am Fionn-Airidh.

Bu tric a sheall mi feasgar Màirt
Far am biodh Oisean 'seinn a dhàin;
A' coimhead gréin aig ioma trà
  'Dol seach gach là 's mi 'm Fionn-Airidh.

Beannachd le beanntaibh mo ghaoil
Far am faigh mi 'm fiadh le 'laogh,—
Gu ma fad' an coilleach-fraoich
  A' glaodhaich ann am Fionn-Airidh.

Ach cha 'n iad glinn us beanntan àrd'
A lot mo chridh' 's a rinn mo chràdh,
Ach an diugh na tha fo phràmh
  An teach mo ghràidh am Fionn-Airidh.

Beannachd le athair mo ghràidh;
Bidh mi 'cuimhneach ort gu bràth;
Ghuidhinn sonas agus àgh
  Do 'n t-sean fhear bhàn am Fionn-Airidh.

Am feum mi siubhal uait gun dàil?
Na sùil tha togte ris a' bhàt'—
Soraidh slàn, le tìr mo ghràidh,
  'Us slàn, gu bràth le Fionn-Airidh!

The wind is fair, the day is fine,
Swiftly, swiftly runs the time;
The boat is floating on the tide
  That wafts me off from Fiunary.

A thousand, thousand tender ties—
Accept this day my plaintive sighs;
My heart within me almost dies
  At thought of leaving Fiunary.

With pensive steps I 've often strolled
Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
And listened while the shepherds told
  The legend tales of Fiunary.

I 've often paused at close of day
Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
And viewed the sun's departing ray,
  When wand'ring o'er Dun Fiunary.

Farewell ye hills of storm and snow,
The wild resorts of deer and roe;
In peace the heath-cock long may crow,
  Along the banks of Fiunary.

'Tis not the hills nor woody vales
Alone my joyless heart bewails;
A mournful group this day remains
  Within the Manse of Fiunary.

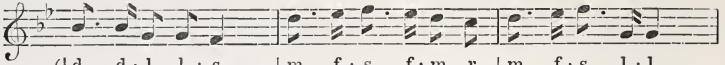
Can I forget Glenturret's name?
Farewell, dear father, best of men:
May heaven's joys with thee remain
  Within the Manse of Fiunary.

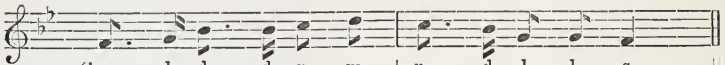
Oh must I leave these happy scenes?
See, they spread the flapping sails,
Adieu! adieu! my native plains;
  Farewell, farewell to Fiunary!

Words by the late DR. N. MACLEOD, ("CARAID NAN GAIDHEAL.") Gaelic translation by the late MR. ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Glasgow.

32.—DH' FHALBH MO LEANNAN FHÉIN!—MY OWN DEAR ONE'S GONE!

KEY B♭.—*Slowly, with expression.*





'N uair a thog thu siùil,
Bha mo shùil a' sileadh;
Dhuit-se ghuidh gach beul—
"Slàn gu'n dean thu tilleadh."
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

Ghoid thu leat mo shlàint',
'S rinn thu m' fhàgail dubhach;
Gus an till thu 'ghràidh,
'Chaoidh cha'n fhàs mi subhach.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

Tha mi ghnàth ga d' chaoidh,
'S mi ga m' chlaoidh le fadal;
Bho 'n a sheòl thu 'rùin,
Tha mo shùil gun chadal.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

Thainig sgeul gu tìr
'Leòn mo chridh' mar shaighead,
Gu'n robh thusa 'luaidh,
'N grunnd a' chuain a'd' laidhe.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

'S cianail leam an sgeul—
Ciod am feum bhi fuireach?
Bith'dh mi leat gun dàil,
'S gheibh mi fàilte 's furan.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

When thy sails unfurled,
I with tears had stayed thee,
While each friendly lip
Safe returning prayed thee.
My own dear one's gone!

All my weal went then,
Naught remained but sadness;
Till thou come again
I can ne'er know gladness.
My own dear one's gone!

Wailing aye for thee,
I'm heart-sick with sorrow;
Sleepless now my eyes,
From the eve till morrow.
My own dear one's gone!

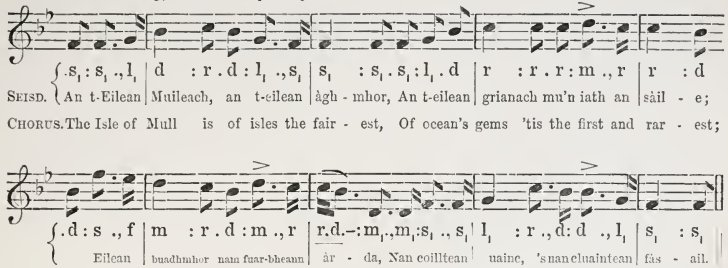
Sad! sad news I hear,
Piercing like an arrow,
That beneath the wave
Sleeps "my winsome marrow."
My own dear one's gone!

Sad the tale to me;
Need I longer tarry?
Death, to rest, and thee,
Soon my soul will carry.
My own dear one's gone!

Chorus old; Gaelic words by "FIONN." Translation by MR. A. M. ROSE.

33.—AN T-EILEAN MUILEACH—THE ISLE OF MULL.

KEY B♭.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*



Ged tha mi 'm fhògarrach cian air m' aineol
'S a' Chaisteal-nuadh, 's an taobh tuath de Shasunn,
Bith'dh tìr mo dhùthchais a' tigh'nn fainear dluomh,
An t-Eilean Muileach 'bu lurach beannaibh.

B' fhallain, cùbhraidh 's bu rèidh an t-àilean,
Le 'bhlàthan maoth-bhog 'bu chaoine fàileadh:
Bu ghlan na bruachan mu 'n d' fhuair mi m' àrach
An Doire-'chuilinn aig bun Beinn-bhàirneach.

Air Lusa chaisleach nan stachd 's nan cuartag,
Bhiodh bradain thàrr-gheal nam meanbh-bhall ruadh-bhreac,
Gu beò-bhrisg, siùbhlach, le sùrd ri lùth-chleas
'N a cuislibh dù-ghorm gun ghrùid, gun ruadhan.

Bu chulaidh-shùgraidh do dh-òg-fhir uallach,
Le gathan trì-mheurach, rinneach, cruaidh-ghlan,
Air caol-chroinn dhìreach, gun ghiamh, gun chnuachd-mheòir,
'Bhi toirt nan làn-bhreac gu tràigh mu 'bruachan.

'B e 'n sòlas-inntinn leam a bhi 'g èisdeachd
Ri còisir bhinn-ghuthach, ghrinn a' Chèitein
A' seinn gu sunndach an dlùth's nan geugan—
A' choill' fo liath-dhealt', 's a' ghrian ag èirigh!

Chlaon gach sòlas dhiu sud mar bhruadar,
'S mar bhristeadh builgein air bhàrr nan stuadh-thonn:
Ach soraidh slàn leis gach loinn 'us buaidh,
A bh' air eilean àghmhor nan àrd-bheann fuara.

Though far from home I am now a ranger,
In grim Newcastle a doleful stranger,
The thought of thee stirs my heart's emotion,
And deeper fixes its fond devotion.

Oh! fresh and fair are thy meadows blooming,
With fragrant blossoms the air perfuming,
Where boyhood's days I've oft spent in fooling,
Around Ben-Varnick and Durry-Cooling.

Where Lussa's stream through the pools comes whirling,
Or o'er the clear pebbly shallows swirling,
The silvery salmon is there seen playing,
And in the sunbeams his hues displaying.

There might young manhood find fit enjoyment,
In healthy, vigorous, rare employment;
With three-pronged spear on the margin standing,
And with quick dart the bright salmon landing.

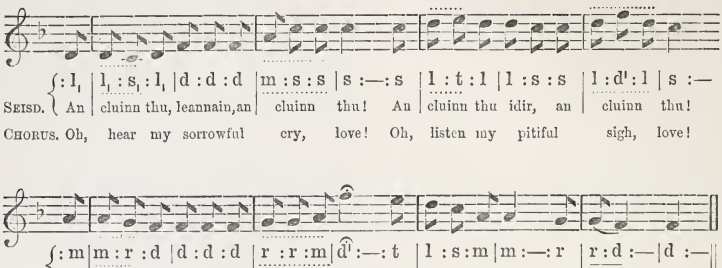
How pleasant 'twas in the sweet May morning,
The rising sun thy gay fields adorning;
The feathered songsters their lays were singing,
While rocks and woods were with echoes ringing.

But gone are now all those joys for ever,
Like bubbles bursting on yonder river:
Farewell, farewell, to thy sparkling fountains,
Thy waving woods and high tow'ring mountains!

Gaelic words by MR. DUGALD MACPHAIL. Translation by C. M. P.

34.—AN CLUINN THU, LEANNAIN!—O HEAR ME, LOVE, HEAR ME!

KEY F.—*Moderato, beating twice in the Measure.*



Mo chion air an ainnir!—'S i bean a' chùil bhàin
D' an d'thug mi 'n gaol falaich nach fannaich gu bràth;
Bu tu mo cheud leannan gun aithne do chàch,
'S mi nise fo phràmh 'g ad ionndrainn.

'S i d' iomhaigh a's ceòl dhomh gach Dòmhnach 'us Luain,
'S tu cuspair mo smaointeanan faoine gach uair;
'S i mhaise 'tha 'd aodann a chaochail mo shnuadh,
'S a dh' fhàg mi gun luaidh air sùgradh.

'S truagh nach robh mise fo shileadh a' cheò,
Còmhla ri m' leannan an gleannan an fheòir;
Cha 'n iarrainn a dh-iocshlaint' ach brìodal do bheòil,
Oir 's millse do phòg na 'n siùcar.

Thàrmaich leann-dubh orm, mulad 'us cràdh;
O, 'n acain so 'leòn mi 'n tùs m' òige cho tràth!
An deaghaidh do gheallaidh mur faigh do làmh,
Bheir saighdean do ghràidh do 'n uir mi.

Ged their mo luchd-tuaileis nach buan duit mo ghràdh,
Cha chreideadh tu 'n còmhradh na 'm. b'eòl dhuit a mheud
'S a tha do d' chion-falaich air m'aigne gach là,
'S mo spiorad fo phràmh 'g a ghiùlan.

Seall air a' ghealaich air aghaidh nan speur,
Nach caochail a cùrsa 'measg dùmhlas nan reul;
Mar sin tha sìor iomairt mo chridh' as do dhèigh,
Bho 'n thug thu fo ghéill air tùs e.

Tha caoin shlios mo leannain mar eal' air a' chuan,
Na 's gile na'n fhaoileann air aodann nan stuagh;
Mar shneachd air na beannaibh, mar chanach nam bruach,
'S i farasda, suaire' 'n a giùlan.

I love thee, I love thee, my golden-haired maid,
With a deep hid affection which never shall fade;
My heart at thy shrine, love, its first homage paid;
But now it is lonely repining.

The theme of my songs thou art day after day;
And thoughts of thy sweet face are never away;
My spirits, now clouded, that once were so gay,
No more are to pleasure inclining.

Oh! would that I were far beyond human ken,
'Neath a mantle of mist hid in some cosy glen;
The balm that would gladden my wounded heart then,
Were thy converse and kisses divine, love.

Since thou hast departed I wander alone,
And I can do nothing but sorrow and moan;
The sunshine of life is o'ershadowed and gone,
That once was resplendently shining.

Let them say, if they may, that my love will decline;
You ne'er could believe such a case to be mine,
If you knew how my poor heart is bound up in thine,
And longs so to reckon thee mine, love.

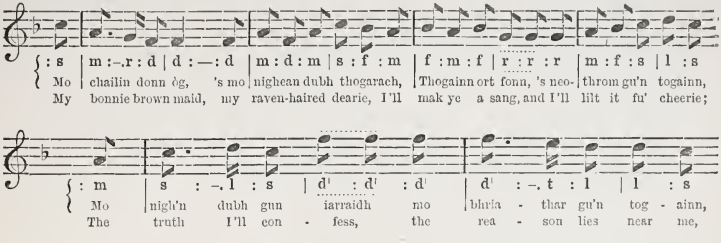
See the pale orb of night shining bright in the sky;
She holds on her course 'mong the planets on high:
Thus my heart would be faithful though fair ones were nigh,
In beauty all others outshining.

As fair as the swan is the maid I adore;
As pure as the sea-gull that lives by yon shore:
If thou would'st return to my bosom once more,
What pleasures again were mine, love!

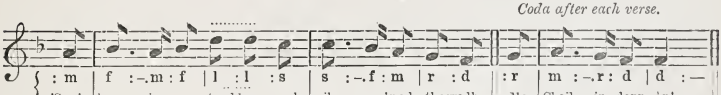
Gaelic words by MR. DUGALD MACPHAIL. Translation by C. M. P.

35.—MO CHAILIN DONN ÕG—MY BONNIE BROWN MAID.

KEY F.—*Moderato, beating twice in the measure.* For Pianoforte Accompaniment see "THE THISTLE."



Coda after each verse.



Gu bheil thu gu bòidheach, bainndidh, banail,
Gun chron ort fo 'n ghréin, gun bhéum gun sgainnir;
Gur gil' thu fo d' léine na éiteag na mara,
'S tha choir agam fhéin gun do chéile bhi mar-riut.

Gur muladach mi, 's mi 'n déigh nach math leam,
Na dheanadh dhomh stàth aig càch 'g a mhalairt;
Bith'dh d'athair an còmhnuidh 'g òl le caithream,
'S e eòlas nan còrn a dh-fhàgc cho falamh.

Na'm bithinn ag òl mu bhòrd na dibhe,
'S gu'm faicinn mo mhiann 's mo chiall a' tighinn,
'S e 'n copan beag donn thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
'S cha tugainn mo bhriathran nach iarrainn e rithist.

Bith'dh bodaich na dùtch' ri bùrt 's ri fanaid,
A cantainn rium féin nach géill mi dh-ainnis,
Ged tha mi gun spréidh tha téud ri tharruing,
'S cha sguir mi de 'n òl fhad 's is beò mi air thalamh.

'S ioma bodachan gunh nach dàraig mi aithris,
Le thional air spréidh, 's iad ga thréigsinn a's t-earrach,
Nach òl anns a bhliadhna trian a' ghallain,
'S cha toir e fo 'n ùir na 's mò na bheir Calum.

Na'm bithinn air féill, 's na céudan mar-rium,
De chuideachda chuir a dh-òladh drama,
Gu'n snidhinn mu 'n bhòrd 's gu'n tràighinn mo shearrag,
'S cha d'thuirt mo bhean riamh rium ach—"Dia leat a Chalum."

Ged tha mi gun stòr, le òl 's le iomairt,
Air bheagan de nì, le pris na mine,
Tha m' thortan aig Dia, 's e ilalaidh uime,
'S na gheibh mi mo shlàinte, gu 'm pàigh mi na shir mi.

Ge mór le càch na tha mi milleadh,
Cha tugainn mo bhòid nach òlainn tuillidh,
'S e gaol a bhi mòr tha m' fheòil a' sireadh,—
Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris air Calum a' Ghlinne.

Thou'rt modest and comely, thou'rt blythe and thou'rt bonnie,
And ne'er in thy heart could'st thou wish ill to onie;
Thou'rt fairer, by far, when thou'rt dressed in thy plaidie,
Than mony's a gaudy and braw-buskit lady.

Here sits your fule faither the waur o' the drappie,
While others noo handle what micht mak ye happy;
His cunnyie took wings, while he roared and he chantit,
In horns without number; and noo ye mann want it.

Were I in the inn sitting heartsome and cheerie,
And seeing thee passing, my ain bonnie dearie,
The little brown coggie would wauken my sperits,
To sing a bit sang on thy beauty and merits.

A wheen o' dowf bodies they scorn me and jeer me,
And tell me that poverty soon will be near me;
My gear may be scanty, but that winna grieve me;
I'll stick to the dram till my last breath shall leave me.

There 's warldly auld carles, too, I carena to mention,
To corn and to cattle pay a' their attention,
Wha drink in a year no the third o' a gallon—
They 'll tak to the cauld yird nae mair than puir Callum.

At fairs and at markets I meet wi guid fellows,
And maybe I aft sit and drink till I'm mellow:
But, though I should finish a bottle in glasses,
My wife ne'er said waur than "Od Callum, guid bless us."

My pouch has a hole in't wi drinking and ranting;
The meal it is dear, and the siller is wanting;
Yet God in His bounty our store shall provide aye,
And, health being mine, what I seek I will pay't aye.

Though donce folks declaim at my drinking and spending:
I wadna just promise they 'll e'er see its ending:
The wish to be big—it's my candid opinion,
Will aye be the bane o' puir *Calum a' Ghlinne.*

Gaelic words by "CALUM A' GHLINNE," (M. MACKENZIE.) Translation by MR. M. MACFARLANE, Paisley.

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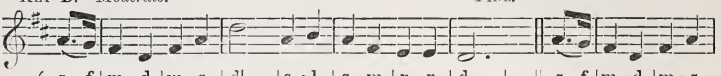

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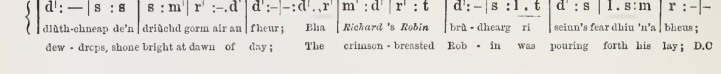

Bha 'n smeòrach cur nan smùid dhi
Air bacan-cùil leath' féin;
An dreathan-donn gu sùrdail,
'S a rifeid-chiùil 'n a bheul;
Am bricean-beithe 's lùb air,
'S e gleusadh lùth a theud;
An coileach-dubh ri dùrdan,
'S a chearc ri tùchan réidh.

Na bric a' gearradh shùrdag,
Ri plubraich dhlùth le chéil',
Taobh-leumraich mear le lùth-chleas,
A bùrn le mùirn ri gréin;
Ri ceapadh chuileag siùbhlach,
Le 'm bristeadh lùthmhor fhéin:
Druim lann-ghorm, 's ball-bhreac giùran,
'S an lainnir-chùil mar léig.

Bùrn tana, glan, gun ruadhan,
Gun deathaich, ruaim, no ceò,
Bheir anam-fàs 'us gluasad
D' a chluaineagan mu 'bhòrd.
Gaoir bheachan buidhe 's ruadha,
Ri dìoglaidh chluaran-òir;
'S cir-mheala 'g a cur suas leò
'N céir-chuachagan 'n an stòir.

Gur sòlas an ceòl-cluaise,
Ard-bhàirich buair mu d' chrò;
Laoigh cheann-fhionn, bhreac, 'us ruadha,
Ri freagradh nuallan bhò;
A' bhanarach le buaraich,
'S am buachaill' dol 'n an còir,
Gu bleoghann a' chruidh ghnaill-fhinn
Air cualch a thogas cròic.

The mavis warbles loudly
From yonder leafy tree;
The wren now joins the chorus,
And chirps aloud with glee;
The linnet is preparing
Her cheerfulness to shew,
While black-cocks greet their partners
With cooing soft and low.

Thy limpid waters laving
Rich banks of bonny green,
Where in his silvery splendour
The salmon oft is seen;
He leaps in all his glory
To catch the flies at play,
And lashes with his playing
The waters into spray.

Thy crystal stream goes flowing
Through many a grassy lea,
Supplying sap and fragrance
To every herb and tree;
The honey-bee is roaming
In yonder flowery dell;
The nectar from thy roses
He stores within his cell.

How pleasant is the lowing
Of cattle by the fold,
Their calves around them playing,
How pleasant to behold!
The milk-maid sings her chorus
To cattle in the dale,
While they to overflowing
Soon fill the milking-pail.

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